

HOLIDAY GOODS!

ARTHUR P. CURTIN.

HOLIDAY GOODS!

FURNITURE HOUSE.

Furniture, Carpets, Wall Paper and House Furnishing Goods.

Four Immense Floors and Three Mammoth Warehouses stocked with goods of every grade, CONTAINING A STOCK GREATER than all other Helena houses combined.

Lowest Prices Guaranteed.

HOUSES FURNISHED ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN.

MUSIC HOUSE.

Pianos, Organs, Orguinettes and Musical Merchandise.

Sole Agent for STEINWAY, SOHMER, GABLER, BRIGGS, MASON & HAMLIN, WEGMAN, PEASE and other First Class Instruments.

VIOLINS, GUITARS, HARMONICAS, ACCORDEONS, SHEET MUSIC, Etc.

Old Instruments Taken in Exchange.

LOWEST PRICES AND EASY TERMS.



HOLIDAY GOODS FOR EVERYBODY.



IN THE FURNITURE DEPARTMENT

Buy a Bedroom Suite, Parlor Suite, Diningroom Suite, Plush Rocker, Easy Chair, Sofa, Divan, Corner or Reception Chair, Center or Library Table, Bookcase, Ladies' Desk, Dressing Table, Office Desk, Clock, Pair of Bronzes, Piece of Statuary, Pedestal, Screen, Pair of Paintings, Pair of Etchings, Pair of Vases.

In the Carpet and House Furnishing Department

Buy a Moquette, Velvet Brussels or Tapestry Carpet, Pair of Chenille or Silk Curtains, a handsome table set consisting of Table Cloth and Napkins to match, a handsome Table Cover in Chenille, Felt or Valour.

IN THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Buy a Piano at any price from \$200 up to \$1,000. An elegant Mason & Hamlin, Newman Bros. or Sterling Organ, a Washburn Guitar, a Violin, an Accordeon, an elegant Piano scarf or Cover, a Music Cabinet, a Music Box, a Self-Playing Aeolian Organ, a Beautiful Piano or Banquet Lamp, an Elegant Piano Stool, Etc., Etc.

Or One of the One Hundred Other Beautiful and Appropriate Articles.

The stocks above are the largest in Montana. They were bought for SPOT CASH, shipped in such quantities as to secure the very lowest rates of freight, and are for sale at such prices as no other dealer CAN OR DARE MEET.

Don't Buy a HOLIDAY PRESENT Until You Have Gone Through OUR VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS.

HOLIDAY GOODS!

HOLIDAY GOODS!

PROTECTION.

Protection is a blessed thing.
It makes the home more dear.
It gives the rich man rest and fruit.
The poor man bread and beer.

It forges fortunes such as nations
Never knew before.
And when a man has millions
It gives him millions more.

It saves our vessels from the sea.
So dangerous and wild.
And makes the English take our goods
Across the surging tide.

It gives our sewing women leave
To earn their daily bread.
By working morning, day and night.
At forty cents a head.

By it, our little children work
In factories are given.
Which often slanders many a year
Their journey up to Heaven.

It keeps the naughty Chinese out.
But lets all others in.
And gives us beads of adoration
Who deal in rum and gin.

We can not all be rich, my boy—
It shouldn't be expected.
Protection is a blessed thing—
For those who are protected.

—Frank Lindeber, in Puck.

THE SIEGE OF BERLIN.

We were ascending the Champs Elysees with Doctor V., and wishing, as we gazed on the walls perforated by the shells, and on the pavement shattered by the German shot, that they could speak and relate to us some of the scenes enacted within the walls of Paris during the siege, when suddenly the doctor stopped, and pointing to one of those corner houses so pompously grouped about the Arc de Triomphe, said to me: "Do you see those four closed windows above the balcony? During the first part of the month of August—that terrible August of the year '70, so fraught with clouds and disaster—I was called there to attend a case of apoplexy. It was the home of Colonel Jouve, a cuirassier of the first empire, old and worn, his head filled with ideas of patriotism, who had come to live on the Champs Elysees in an apartment with a balcony. Can you imagine why? In order to assist at the triumphal entry of our troops! Poor old man! The news of the defeat of Wissemburg arrived as he was arising from the table. On reading the name of Napoleon below the bulletin of defeat he fell stricken with apoplexy.

"I found the old cuirassier stretched at full length on the floor of his room, his face bloody and livid, as if he had received a severe blow on his head. Standing he was very tall, while the position in which I found him gave an additional grandeur to his height. With his beautiful features, faintest teeth and aureole of soft white hair, he appeared to be about sixty, but in reality eighty years had passed over his head, leaving him of a stolidly figure and martial bearing. By his side knelt his little granddaughter, weeping bitterly. She resembled him closely. Seeing them side by side one could well compare them to two beautiful flowers, one old, dark and rather worn with age, the other radiant and spotless, with all the brightness and softness of a new impression.

"The sorrow of this child touched me deeply. She was the daughter and the granddaughter of soldiers. Her father was the staff of MacMahon, and the sight of the old man stretched before her evoked in her imagination another picture, not less terrible. I reassured her as well as I could, but in reality I had little hope. At eighty it is not easy for one to recover from an attack such as Colonel Jouve had received. In fact, he remained for three days in the

same state of immobility and stupor. In the meanwhile the news of the defeat of Reichs offen reached Paris, you remember how strangely. Until the evening we believed that we had gained a great victory—twenty thousand Prussians killed and the prince taken prisoner. I do not know by what magical current, by what miracle, an echo of the national joy penetrated to the chamber of the poor invalid; but when I approached his bed that memorial evening I found him a different man. His eyes were almost clear, his speech less thick, and he had the strength to smile and stammer twice 'Vive-toire! Yes, colonel, a great victory! And as I gave him the details of MacMahon's success I saw his features relax and his expression brighten.

"When, at last, I left him, I found the young girl waiting for me. She was pale and seemed completely overcome. 'But, my child,' I said, taking her hand, 'he is saved and on the road to recovery. Why do you weep?' The unhappy girl hardly had the courage to reply and tell me the sad news which she had just heard. The true account of the battle of Reichs offen had reached Paris. MacMahon in flight and the army destroyed. We looked at each other with consternation. She feared for her father's safety, while I trembled for the old man. It was very certain that he could not withstand this new shock, and in the meantime how should we act? Leave to him his happiness, his illusions, which seemed to infuse in him new life? But then we would be obliged to let him say: 'Very well, I will lie,' said the heroic girl, and quickly drying her tears she re-entered her grandfather's chamber.

"It was a hard task which she had set herself. The first days the poor man was so weak that he let himself be deceived like a child; but with returning health his ideas became more clear. We were obliged to keep him well posted concerning the movements of the army. It was indeed pitiful to see that lovely child bending night and day over a map of Germany, endeavoring to combine a glorious campaign—Bismarck marching on Berlin, Frossard in Bavaria, MacMahon on the Baltic. I aided her to the utmost of my ability, but it was Colonel Jouve who unconsciously helped us most in this imaginary invasion. He had conquered Germany so many times under the First Empire! He knew all the modes of attack. 'Now see, this is the way they should do it,' and as his provisions were always realized you can understand to what an extent the old man's pride was gratified. Unhappily, although we took many cities and gained numerous victories, still we went fast enough for him; he was insatiable.

"Every day on arriving I learned of a new feat of arms. 'Doctor, we have taken Mayence,' said the young girl, meeting me with a forced smile, and I heard within the room a joyous voice, which cried to me: 'How rapidly we advance! In eight days we will enter Berlin!' At that time the Prussians were not more than eight days' distance from Paris.

"At first we asked ourselves if it would be better to take him to the province, but the state of France would have disclosed all to him and I found him still too weak to be told the truth concerning the war. So at length we decided to remain for the present in the city.

"The first day of the siege I ascended the stairs leading to their apartments. Ah! how well I remember it. Overcome with that agony of heart which seized all at the sight of the gates of Paris closed, war beneath our walls, and our suburbs abandoned to frontiers. I found the old cuirassier jubilant. 'So, then,' he exclaimed, 'we have commenced the siege!' I looked at him stupefied. 'How is this, colonel? You know—' His granddaughter, quickly interrupting me, said: 'Oh, yes, doctor, great news; the siege of Berlin has commenced.' Drawing her needle with such a wonderful air of tranquility, how could he doubt anything? He could not hear the cannon of the fort, nor could he see this unhappy Paris, and and disorderly. All that he could perceive from his

bed was the summit of the Arc de Triomphe, and around him in his room bristled the First Empire, well suited to preserve his illusions. Portraits of generals, engravings of battles, the king of Rome in a baby's robe; then large brackets laden with imperial relics, medals, bronzes, a rock from St. Helena, under a glass case; a miniature of a court lady of the First Empire, in full ball costume—short-waisted, yellow gown, with puffed sleeves, hair rolled, curled and powdered, having about her that air of triumph which surrounded the court and its followers in those halcyon days. It was this atmosphere of victories and conquests which, more than anything we could say, made him believe so naively in the siege of Berlin.

"After the first day of the siege our military operations were much simplified. It was but an affair of patience to take Berlin. From time to time, as our invalid grew restless, we read to him letters from his son, imaginary ones, it must be understood, for after Sedan the efforts of MacMahon had been directed against a German fortress, and no news of him or his staff would penetrate Paris. Imagine the aspect of this poor child without news of her father, believing him prisoner, deprived of all comforts, sick, perhaps, yet who was obliged to make him speak in joyous letters, short, such as a soldier should write, yet recounting all the victories of our troops. Sometimes the strength for this would fail her and we would remain for several weeks without news. But the old man would grow troubled and lose his rest; then quickly would come a letter from Germany, which she would read so gaily to him, striving to repress the tears. The colonel would listen religiously, smiling with an attentive air, approving, criticizing, sometimes explaining to us passages which we were supposed not to understand. But above all, his faith shown in the letters which he wrote to his son in reply: 'Never forget that you are a Frenchman—be generous to those poor people.' Recommendations without end, veritable sermons on the subject of the proprieties, the politeness due to ladies, a true code of military honor for the use of the conquerors. He also added some considerations of politics in general, the conditions of peace which should be imposed on the vanquished. Here I must say he was not evading. 'The indemnity of war and nothing more! Why take their provinces? Can one make France out of Germany?' He dictated all this with a firm voice, and one felt in his words such a beautiful, patriotic faith that it was impossible to hear and not be moved. In the meanwhile the siege advanced; not that of Berlin, alas! It was the time of the great frost, of the bombardment, of the epidemics and of the famine. But thanks to our care, to our efforts, to the indefatigable tenderness which surrounded him, the old man's serenity was never for an instant disturbed. With the greatest trouble I managed to have for him white bread and wine. There was but enough for him, however, and you can imagine nothing more touching than those meals of the old grandfather, so unconsciously the old soldier and his nephew under his chin; near him his granddaughter, rather thin and pale from privation, guiding his hands, making him drink, helping him to eat those good things obtained at the cost of such suffering. Then, animated by his respect and by the warmth of his comfortable room, in such contrast to the bitter cold without, he would relate to us the terrible retreat from Russia, when they had nothing to eat but frozen biscuit and horse flesh.

"Do you understand, petite, we eat horses? Ah! indeed, she understood too well! For two months she had eaten nothing else! From day to day, as convalescence approached, the dullness of all the colonel's senses, of all his members, which he served as well, now began to disappear. Already two or three times the terrible bronchitis from the Maillet gate had startled him, and we were obliged to invent

another victory of Bazaine, and a military salute at the Invalides to celebrate it. Another day, when his bed had been moved near the window, I saw the National Guards, who were massed on the avenue de la Grande Armee.

"What are those troops doing there?" demanded the old soldier, and we heard him growling and grumbling between his teeth, 'A mistake to keep them, a great mistake!'

"This was all, but it made us understand that now even more than formerly we needed to take great precautions. Unhappily we were not careful enough. One evening as I arrived the little one met me very much troubled. 'To-morrow they enter,' she said. 'Was the door of the old man's room open? I know not; the fact is, that since upon thinking it over, I noticed that he had that evening an extraordinary expression, and it is most probable that he heard his grand-daughter's whisper of the evil news. But while we spoke of the Prussians he thought of the French—of that triumphal entry for which he had waited so long—MacMahon descending the avenue to the sound of trumpets and amid showers of flowers, his son by the marshal's side, and the old cuirassier, on the balcony above in full uniform as at Lutten, saluting the perforated flags and the eagles blackened with powder.'

"Poor Colonel Jouve! He thought, without doubt, that we wished to prevent him from assisting at the demise of our troops, in order to guard him from any sudden emotion; therefore he took care not to speak to any one of the news he had overheard, but on the following day at the very hour when the Prussians triumphantly commenced their march on the long way which leads from the Maillet gate to the Tuilleries, the window was softly raised and the colonel appeared on the balcony with his helmet and sword, and arrayed in the glorious old uniform of a cuirassier of Napoleon. I know not what strenuous effort of the will had put him on his feet, thus uniformed as of old. One thing, however, was certain, there he was behind the balcony, astonished at finding the avenue so deserted and so silent, the shutters of the houses closed. Paris was sombre as a great bazaar, everywhere flags, but such singular ones, white with red crosses; and then no one to welcome our soldiers. For a moment he thought himself mistaken, but no, there, beyond the Arc de Triomphe, he heard a confused noise; a black line slowly advanced in the brightening day. Then little by little the helmets shone forth in the sun, the drums of Jena began to sound, and under the Arc de l'Etoile, rhythmized by the march of the divisions and the clash of the sabres, burst forth Schuler's triumphal march. Then in the sudden silence of the place was heard a cry, a terrible cry, 'To arms! to arms! The Prussians! the Prussians!' and the four Champs of the advance guard saw an old man on the balcony above them totter, and, throwing up his arms, fall backward!—Translated from the French for the Baltimore Sun.

Convenience to Travelers.

The interchange of passenger traffic between the Montana Central and Union Pacific railways has been resumed. Passengers can now purchase through tickets and check their baggage through to or from Union Pacific or Pacific coast ports. This includes free transfer at Butte. Passengers for the south connect at Butte with the Union Pacific, leaving Helena at 4 p. m. Ticket \$1.00, 34 Grand Central.

B. H. LANGLEY,
General Ticket Agent.
C. W. FITTS, City Ticket Agent.

Notice to Clergymen.

All clergymen who wish to make application for annual half-fare permits for 1890 over the Union Pacific lines, are hereby requested to call at this office, 28 North Main street.

A. E. VRAZIE,
Passenger Agent.

THE WEEKLY INDEPENDENT FOR 1890.

\$2.00 Per Year in Advance.

All About the Resources of Montana.

The rapid growth of the circulation of the WEEKLY INDEPENDENT during the last few months and the generous appreciation of its merits by the public, have induced us to make changes of importance and benefit to all our subscribers.

The first is the reduction of the subscription price from \$3 to \$2 per year, a large reduction of price to the subscriber and a diminution in our receipts, which we expect to make good by a large increase in circulation. We have found that our edition at the old price was growing so large that it was almost impossible to keep up with our collections, and that it was absolutely necessary to adopt a uniform system of requiring advance payments. We have, therefore, determined in changing to the cash-in-advance plan to make a reduction of one dollar per year in the price to every subscriber paying in advance. Old subscribers at the \$3 rate, who have not paid in advance, by remitting their dues up to date may, by sending \$2 additional, secure THE WEEKLY INDEPENDENT prepaid for one year.

No subscriptions will be received from new subscribers unless paid in advance.

For the year 1890 THE WEEKLY INDEPENDENT will be better than ever before. An agricultural and household department will be introduced and we shall publish a series of articles on Montana's industries and resources, which will be of great interest. In addition every number of THE INDEPENDENT will contain a complete story, choice poems, a gossip letter from the national capital, crisp comment on current topics and other features that will make it a welcome visitor to every fireside.

SEND IT TO YOUR EASTERN FRIENDS.